

FIRE IN WILLIAMSBURG.

Shortly after 10 o'clock yesterday forenoon, a fire broke out in a row of tenant houses in North Fifth-st., a Second-st., owned by Mr. Olmstead Henry. Escap-

Companies Nos. 1 and 5 were soon at work and extinguished the flames. Damage by fire and water ab-

\$400, covered by insurance in the North River Insurance Company. George Little, a member of Eagle Company No. 7, ran to the fire from Graham-st. On arriving fell in the street from the effects of the heat. He was taken into a building insensible, and with proper care covered sufficient to be conveyed to his residence North Second-st., near Lorimer-st. Several other firemen became affected from over-exertion and the heat, and were under the necessity of retiring.

A DAY AMONG THE MINES AND MINERS

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

(CORONDALE, Wayne Co., Pa., July 3, 1854.)

This is essentially the region of black diamonds. Every foot of ground beneath the surface is rich in them and awaits only to be transferred to market to be coined into gold. Hundreds of the hardy sons of Eve are engaged in this coining, with pick and hand, and lighted only by the star-like taper that sparkles from their hats. The miner here is not the same haggard, hell-worm wretch he is in the mines of the old world. Here no women and children ever enter to harken their tender limbs before the car to drag to life the

hidden in vult, at the expense of virtue, health, and even life itself. No families here take up their abode in the excavations, and even the shelter dug out of the earth to protect them from the pitiless rays of the sun, the far more dangerous enemy, is not used. No infant is seen, the light and the wail of the young mother, only one couch is the one herself and child has been deemed to drag from the earth to enrich his master. But she is not a slave. Oh, no, she is the daughter of Britain, living beneath her laws, and praying for her, and thanking God that she lives in a land of freedom. Verily there is much to answer for among the task-masters of the old world.

Desiring to see the mine, and, misers as they are with several others, we followed the entrance of a small, dark, and low tunnel, where we met by the superintendent, who politely offered to procure a guide and torches. This was soon accomplished, and we entered

the shirt. This, for about a hundred and fifty feet, ran in a uniform vein about ten feet wide and eight feet high, when it branched off into two distinct veins, running at right angles with each other. "This vein," said our guide, pointing to one of the inlets, "has not been worked since the accident a few years ago. Then you are not free from all the ills that attend

mining in the old world!" said we inquiringly. "My relative," returned the guide, "has his grave far beyond those mazes which block up the way. He has a horrible death, and sleeps in unholly ground: but thanks to the Holy Virgin, his soul is in Heaven." We had hitherto barely deigned a glance at our guide, but now we surveyed him with a feeling of respect. "I am sorry to add, mingled with curiosity," he said, "that this man was a fair specimen of his class in this region, near six feet high, compactly built; his eye clear, full and searching. . . ."

"We have heard of the misthink, but some have saved if I remember rightly." "Yes, some one of the bosses, lived and worked his way for three days, without food or drink, and without any other help, and nothing but his dinner which he had taken into the mines the morning of the accident, to sustain him and amid the poisonous air with which his prison was filled. He found a can of oil, a pick and a crow-bar, and the aid of light, he worked himself out, but Sir, he had worked the flesh of the bones of his hands, and torn from his limbs among the jagged points through which he had crawled from the spot where he had alive been

helpless left his companions. "Lanterns were laid out to recover some of the bodies, were there not?" "Yes, Sir, we never stopped night nor day, for two weeks and then alas, we desisted, for we knew it was too late, they sleep where they fell."

Taking the other vein, we pursued our way, the excavation all the while growing higher and broader, till it intensely black cold being around, above, and below us, making it look like darkness intensified. Our guide put out his torch, and until then I had no conception what total darkness meant. It was suffocating, painful, horrible. And undelivered fear seized me, as in terror I called for light, which the guide produced with a match, and applied to the torches. Pursuing

our way, we soon came to the miners, who with their
taper in their caps, came out the heavy shank strokes
upon the coal that perhaps was intended another way
to light up our own cozy sanctum in a distant cove
A little beyond the vein again branched, and we
pursuing our way and we were informed we were
two miles from the entrance and the outer world, and
began to retrace our steps. We had not proceeded
far when three of our number gave out, and amid
heavy laugh of the miners, were placed on a ear and
"trundled out." Never shall I forget the sensual
daylight produced on me. It was so strong, so over-
powering, as if I was forced to cover my eyes, I
saw, as if the sun's rays would eat into my brain.

Our way lay through the quarters assigned to the
miners. The houses are regularly built, while the
above them towers the church. "You are at
"church, then?" said I inquiringly to the
guide. "Does the gentleman take us for heathen-
retorted a female voice. We turned and found
ourselves opposite a door where stood an agree-
comely matron, her gray locks smoothed away from
her forehead and covered by a muslin cap, while
a white neckerchief was crossed and pinned over her
breast. "No, mother, the gentlemen know we are
"not heathen, but they are not used to our way; b

"perhaps, if they would come in and rest awhile till we could get to go away peacefully against us." Taking the stool—chairs there were none—we surveyed the room. The shelves, tables and floor were whiter than the snow, though it possible wood could be made, and spots of white thought in the old matron's favor. "Mother," said our guide, "could not be prevailed upon to have me 'self' come along with her, although father, brother and I thought it quite enough to give her anything she needs."

"What, Patrick, my heart is full of sorrow for that's gone before; tempt me not lest I sin and ruin that's gone more. Your honors," she added, turning to us, "do not know all the likes of us suffer."

"Suffer! Surely, Madam, you need not suffer here."

"No, not here!" is the old country. See, Sir,"
barring her arm she pointed to a number of long and
scars: "my body is covered with these, for I was be-
in the mines, as well as were my two boys, and so were
my Kathleen; and there she died—died beneath the
lash, for she was a delicate weak thing—a more baby
than I was, died my old father and mother; and is it
wonder, then, that when they had never a house or
home that I should think of them when I have been
and never a bit of work in the mines to do?"

"There are no slaves in England; but nightly she prays
God to save her Queen, while she gives thanks to
she is free.

"You look comfortable as you are," I said, as I sat

"And so we are; we have our cow and pig, raise our own potatoes, and were it not for what is gone before that keeps my heart in sorrow, sure, I would be the happiest mother in Americk."

Leaving this quarter we wended our way back to our hotel, where we found the steps filled with countrymen listening to one of their number, who was addressing them and gesticulating violently. Making our way through the crowd, we heard him say: "We will force this United States to adhere to the Missouri Compromise; we will settle the whole of Nebraska Territory with freemen, and then see where the Slave States will be. In our

to have slaves there must first be masters. We must see that there are no masters—see that freemen bring up the wilderness there in Nebraska, and that the eyes will never be greeted by the sight of man degraded into the cringing serf, coining his labor into gold to buy his brother may live in ease. Here the speaker descended from the bench from which he had addressed the auditory, amidst deafening cheers for the grants, for such the speaker and a number of others proved to be. They are on their way to do as the speaker said: "People the Territory with freemen—Notice a dignified, venerable old man standing apart from the rest, I questioned him as to the feeling of the people in that region in reference to the repeal of

Ministri. Compromise. There is but one feeling, a
 he sadly: there can be but one, and that is that
 have been outraged, tampered with, played with. You
 have seen and heard the expression of opinion; there
 is no other. We thought with the old man, that w
 honorable men there could be no other. D. W. R.

ACCIDENT ON THE PHILADELPHIA RAILROAD.—Two
 accidents occurred on the Philadelphia Railroad last evening,
 which caused a detention of several hours, but no
 one was injured. The 4½ o'clock train broke an axle
 disabled the engine a short distance beyond Trenton. The
 6 o'clock train broke an axle of the tender about the

ROBBERY AT BELLEVILLE.—On Saturday night last a house of Mr. Dow, Postmaster at Belleville, N. J., was entered by some rascal, and a gold watch and \$40 were taken away. Several other houses were visited, but nothing else taken.